MR. DOWNEY SITS DOW

A Clever Little Sketch Chuck Full of Real Humor

ACOB DOWNEY waited in line at the meat shop. A footsore little man was he. All day long, six days a week for twenty-two he had stood on his feet, trotted on them, climbed on them, in the hardware department of Wilbram, Prescott & Co., and still they would not toughen; still they would hurt; still to sustain his spirit after 3 o'clock he had to invoke a vision of slippers, the Evening Bee, and the youngsters. To the picture this evening he had added pork chops.

The woman next in line ahead of him named her meat. Said the butcher, with a side glance at the sympathy of Mrs. Downey and the clock, "A crown roast takes quite a while, lady. Could I send it in the manying?"

while, lady. Could I send it in the morning?"

No, the lady wished to see it prepared. Expressly for that purpose had she come out in the rain. Tomorrow she gave a luncheon.

"First come, first served." thought Jacob Downey, and bode his time in patience, feeling less pity for his aching feet than for Butcher Myers. Where was the charity in asking a hurried man at five minutes to 6 o'clock to frill up a roast that would not see the inside of the oven before noon next day?

not see the inside of the oven before moon next day?

Now, crown roasts are one thing to him who waits on fallen arches, and telephone calls are another. Scarcely had Downey's opening come to speak for pork chops cut medium, when off went the bell and off rushed Butcher Myers.

whose name appeared on every page of the composition Mr. Sloan had

read.
With a host of other sixth-graders with a nost of other sixth-graders throughout the city Willie had striven that day for a prize of ten dollars in gold offered by the public-spirited A. Lincoln Wilbram, of Wilbram, Prescott & Co., for the best schoolboy essay on moral principles.
"Moral principles, gentlemen; that
is what we need in Ashland. How







THE LOOSEED RIBBONS AND WRAPPINGS DISCLOSED A LINK OF BOLOGNA SAUSAGE

T.'s desk.

Then he jumped and gasped, and copy readers and office boys jumped and gasped, and the religious editor dashed frantically for the stairs, outrunning the entire, staff down the hall, though he had further to go than hall, though he had further to go than any other man or woman there. 'A say other man or woman there.' A say or say or

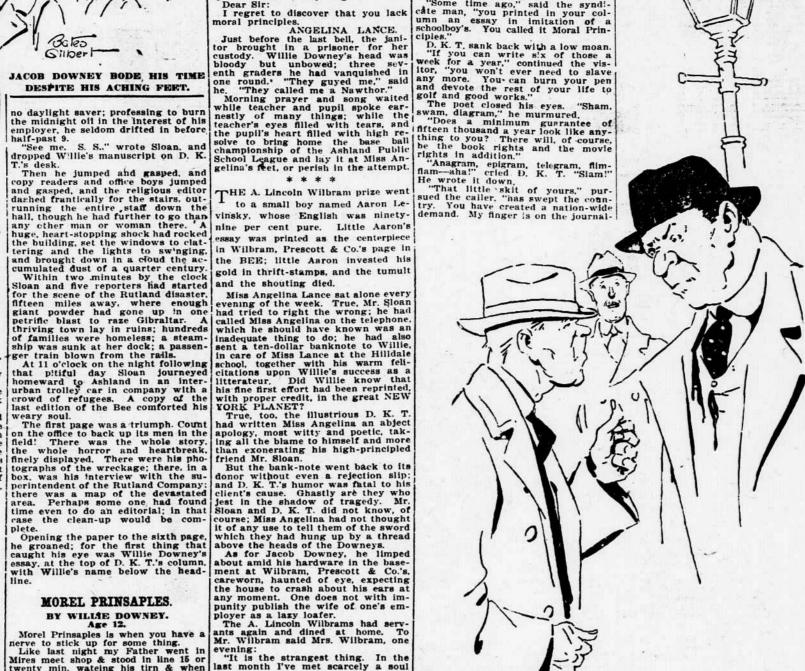


out in the papers and losing me my best customers! Whaddye meap?"
Back came the retort from Jacob Downey with the snarl of a little creature at bay.
"If I didn't say it to you then, you big lobster, I say it to you now. All that the paper says I said I say. What'll you do about it?"
"Hah! You!" Myers snapped his fingers in Downey's fiery face and turned away.
Miss Lance's path to the Hilldale School next morning took her past three post boxes. Into the third she dropped a note that she had carried from home. Mr. Sloan would find her message exceedingly brief, although (or perhaps, because) she had spent hours in composing it.
Dear Sir:
I regret to discover that you lack moral principles.

Just before the last bell, the janifor brought in a prisoner for her.

Just before the last bell, the janifor brought in a prisoner for her.

Dear Sir:
Dear Maddye meap?"
Joe Jones Nonparell Newspaper Syndicate. In fact, I am Jones. I have a proposition to make to you, Mr. D. K. T., that may enable you to buy more books than you can ever read. You know, of course, what the Jones-Nonparell Newspaper Syndicate. In fact, I am Jones. I have a proposition to make to you, Mr. D. K. T., that may enable you to buy more books than you can ever read. You know, of course, what the Jones-Nonparell Newspaper Syndicate. In fact, I am Jones. I have a proposition to make to you, Mr. D. K. T., that may enable you to buy more books than you can ever read. You know, of course, what the Jones-Nonparell Newspaper Syndicate. In fact, I am Jones. I have a proposition to make to you, Mr. D. K. T., that may enable you to buy more books than you can ever read. You know, of course, what the Jones-Nonparell Newspaper Syndicate. In fact, I am Jones. I have a propocition to make to you, Mr. D. K. T., that may enable you to buy more books than you can ever read. You know, of course, what the Jones-Nonparell Newspaper Syndicate. In fact, I am Jones. In fa the papers and losing me my | dapper one briskly. "I represent the



a thing?" Mr. Oakes demanded.

"Me write that thing? If I only had!"

The facts were recalled; the sending of Mr. Sloan and many reporters to Rutland; the need of extra hands at the copy-table that day.

"I found this contribution on my desk. It looked safe. In the rush of the morning I sent it up and never gave it another thought."

"So it is really a boy's essay, and not some of your own fooling?" asked Oakes.

"A boy's essay, yes; entered in Mr. Wilbram's prize contest, eliminated by the boy's teacher and shown by her to Mr. Sloan, who brough it to he shop. I know now that Sloan meant me to change the author's name to save the kid from ridicule. If there were actual persons in it, I'm as amazed as Mrs. Wilbram."

"I wonder. Oakes," said Wilbram, "that a dignified newspaper like yours would print such trash, in the first place."

Worthington Oakes looked down his nose. D. K. T. took up the challenge.

"Trash, sir? If it's trash, why has the Ashland Telephone Company Sloan peered at the speaker's face."

Sloan peered no warning," said Miss Angelina. "Don't add to their terrors."

"I am more sorry than I can say. May I hope to be forgiven some day?"

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"Tam more sorry than I can say. May I hope to be forgiven some day?"

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"There's nothing to forgive. Sam. It was an accident. But don't you see what a dangerous weapon a news-paper is?"

"Worse than a car or a gun," he agreed.

As he strolled homeward along a stately avenue, wondering what he could do to avert the retribution that moved toward the Downeys, and finding that his assistant city editor's resourcefulness availed him naught, he heard the scamper of feet behind him and whirled about with cane upraised in time to bring a snarling chow dog to a stand.

"Beat it, you brute!" he growled.

"Yeowp!" responded the chow dog, and leaped in air.

"Don't be ala

By L. H. ROBBINS "We Live in an Age of Wonders," Says Lardner

O THE editor—they was a man out to the house the other day that is different than day that is different than most people on acct. of have-ing something to say besides how to paid to get in acted surprised. make gin and how hot it gets in summer and etc. and this man was in a jokeing mood and begin talking A big colored man that was also a about death and he says he was not prize fighter and he done something scared of dying itself but he hated that was vs. the law and the judge to not be here 50 or 100 yrs. from said he must go to jail and serve a now and see what the world will turn, but instead of going to jail he be like then as it made him sore to think that they would be a whole to France where he stayed till the big lot of improvements and etc. which he war started and then he moved to wouldn't be here to enjoy them.

So I made the remark that I did not tentions off of the war. believe things could be improved much more as they are pretty near perfect of the world but was starveing to all ready and about all the changes death because he couldn't get no job would be a few minor improvements that they wasn't some work connected the same like those which has took with it. So he was tickled to death place in the last 50 yrs. For inst. when they finely offered him a big when I was a young man it was vs. purse to go to Cuba and fight a the rules for a person to mention the man named Willard. word underwear in the presence of He was beat by Willard, but afterthe opp. sex and you had to pretend that what people wore between their skin and their overcoat was a kind of a mystery.

And in them days also the word devil was too rough and when you referred to the old bird you had to call him the dickens or Lucifer. Now days some of the best people speaks of the devil and their underclothing without a quaver and I have even wrote a couple of pieces with the words h—l and d—n in them and seen them come out in the paper that way instead of hades and darn. The word fool is another that has came into gen. usages but in my boyhood days it wasn't never used because a person that said it was suppose to be in danger of h—l f—e. So I says that the next 50 yrs. would probably see a few more steps forward along these lines but outside of a couple minor details the old world would be going along about the same as at the present writeing and I thought a man was pretty much of a crab if he was not perfectly satisfied with haveing lifed in the age in which we are liveing which I have nicknamed it the wonder age. days some of the best people speaks * * * *

So he asked me what did I mean by wonder age and where was the wonders, and I said I was surprised wonders, and I said I was surprised that a bright man like he could not answer that question for himself and personly I have kept a kind of a dairy of some of the wonders that has come off around here in recent months so that some rainy P.M. 20 yrs. whence, when my grandchildern gets tired gnawing my beard and asks grandpa to tell them a story, I will have some to tell them which will make their hair stand on 1 end.

"Well," says my friend, "leave us pretend like this is 20 yrs. from now and you are my grandfather and I am some of your grandchildern and I have asked you to tell me a story.

"All right," I says. "I will tell you a story but it won't be no fairy story but it will be a couple incidence that come off 20 yrs. ago and you may not believe them but they are true."

So I started in.

About 20 yrs. ago I was liveing near a place called New York and it was a couple yrs. after the U. S. congress that a bright man like he could not an-

* * * * Spain so as not to distract France's at-

He was the champion prize fighter



"IT WAS JUNIPERBERRY SEA-SON AND I STAYED HOME AND PUT UP EIGHT QUARTS."



"WHEN MY GRANDCHILDREN GETS TIRED GNAWING MY BEARD AND ASKS GRANDPA TO TELL THEM A STORY, I WILL TAKE CARE TO TELL THEM ONE WHICH WILL MAKE THEIR HAIR STAND ON ONE

can call a for a when it among a transport of the worse, calls up a sing from the worse, calls